

Tea on the Down Grade.
Tea drinkers are finding scant encouragement in a report recently made by a large tea exporting house in Yokohama to its American customers. Incidentally it indicates that the United States is not alone in facing increased cost of living. The report says: "Owing to the rapidly increasing cost of living in Japan labor costs more, and in consequence cultivation of the tea gardens is less generous and extensive than formerly, and less care and skill are expended in picking and curing the leaf. Hence the average quality of the teas now offered for sale is below that of seasons prior to the war, and for the same reasons we are not likely in the future to see any reversion to the excellence of former years."—New York Sun.

LIME RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF.

Suffered for Three Years with Itching Humor—Cruiser Newark U. S. N. Man Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered with humor for about three years off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with Cuticura Soap every day, and used about six or seven boxes of Cuticura Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humor in three weeks, and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other Soap than Cuticura now. H. J. Myers, U. S. N., U. S. S. Newark, New York, July 8, 1905."

A Misunderstanding.

Apropos of a misunderstanding on the canteen question, Gen. Frederick D. Grant said at a dinner in Washington:

"It is like the case of my friend Maj. Green. Maj. Green said to his servant one morning:

"James, I have left my mess boots out, I want them soled."

"Yes sir," the servant answered.

"The major, dressing for dinner that night, said again:

"I suppose, James, that you did as I told you about those boots?"

"James laid 35 cents on the bureau."

"Yes, sir," said he, "and this is all I could get for them; though the corporal who bought 'em said he'd have given half a dollar if pay day hadn't been so far off."

Sympathy Not Needed.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Norway's famous arctic explorer, now minister to Great Britain, makes light of the sympathy expressed by many persons at the "hardships" of travelers. He says: "There never was such misplaced sympathy as commiserating a man who has lived in the wilds. Most men who travel in out-of-the-way parts of the world do so because they like it. People who live in the center of what is called civilization do not understand, cannot realize, the spell that getting close to nature, battling with nature, has on the heart." He does not believe in the use of alcoholic beverages, holding that while liquor will raise the temperature for a few minutes, after that it falls lower than before.

NO MEDICINE.

But Change of Food Gave Final Relief.

Most diseases start in the alimentary canal—stomach and bowels.

A great deal of our stomach and bowel troubles come from eating too much starchy and greasy food.

The stomach does not digest any of the starchy food we eat—white bread, pastry, potatoes, oats, etc.—these things are digested in the small intestine, and if we eat too much, as most of us do, the organs that should digest this kind of food are overcome by excess of work, so that fermentation, indigestion, and a long train of ills result.

Too much fat also is hard to digest, and this is changed into acids, sour stomach, belching gas, and a bloaty, heavy feeling.

In these conditions a change from indigestible foods to Grape-Nuts will work wonders in not only relieving the distress but in building up a strong digestion, clear brain and steady nerves. A Wash. woman writes:

"About five years ago I suffered with bad stomach—dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation—caused, I know now, from eating starchy and greasy food."

"I doctored for two years without any benefit. The doctor told me there was no cure for me. I could not eat anything without suffering severe pain in my back and sides, and I became discouraged."

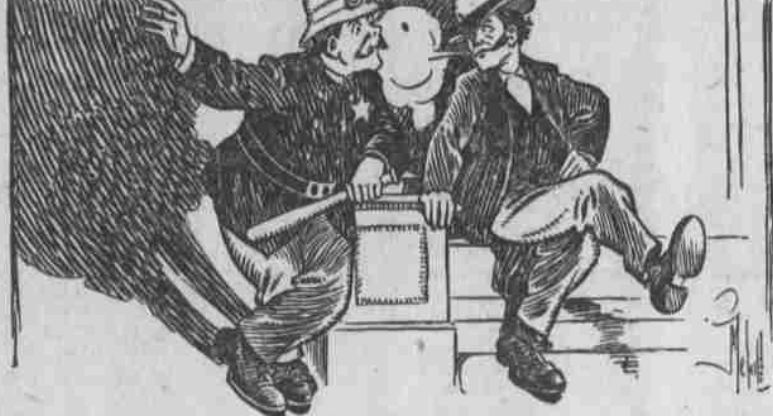
"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts and I began to use it. In less than two weeks I began to feel better, and inside of two months I was a well woman and have been ever since."

"I can eat anything I wish with pleasure. We eat Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, and are very fond of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."



THE HISTORY OF POLICEMAN FLYNN

HE TALKS OF POLICE METHODS.



"I Can See You Lookin' Wise an' Measurin' th' Thracks in th' Mud with a Fut-Rule."

Policeman Barney Flynn was grievously troubled by a youth of the name of Horatio Mann. Horatio was a well-meaning young fellow, but he had erroneous ideas. He had read dime novels until he had become imbued with the idea that a detective is the greatest of created beings, and it was his ambition to be one. Hence his admiration for Flynn. He had heard stories of the policeman's prowess, and he haunted him. He wanted to know all about his methods and his exploits, and more than all else he wanted the policeman to get him a position on the force or with some detective agency.

"I know I'm just made for a detective," he said frequently. "All my inclinations lie in that direction, and I revel in mystery."

It will be seen from this that Horatio spoke reasonably correct English. Indeed, he had had a fair education, the only trouble being that it had not "worked in." However, as Policeman Flynn once remarked, "a man can get book-learnin' any time in his life, but 't is not with sinse, fr sinse do be a nach'ral gift." Horatio had the book-learnin', but he lacked the sense, and this it was that made him so annoying to the policeman. He could not be persuaded that the life of a detective was not one long romance, filled with disguises, thrilling adventures and fabulous rewards. He would make himself up in the most wonderful and outlandish way, and then drop in on Flynn to ask if that would not fool the cleverest "crook." Later he amused himself by shadowing people in the neighborhood, and writing out reports of his "work," which he submitted to Flynn for approval or criticism.

"Ye wa-ant me fr to help ye to be a day-ticve?" said Policeman Flynn to him one day. "M-m-m, well"—drawing his hand over his chin in the old familiar way—"I'll tell ye what I'll do fr ye. I'll give ye th' po-lis examina-tion an' see how ye come out. 'T is not ye-er pla-an fr to star-art in as a pathrolman, iv coorse?"

"Oh, no," answered the youth. "I feel that my talents are above that."

"'T is what I sup-posed," said Policeman Flynn. "Th' woods is full iv la-ads like you. Some iv thim wa-ants to be prisidint iv a r-railroad, some iv thim wa-ants to be editor iv a news-pa-aper, some iv thim wa-ants to be gin'ral manager iv anny ol' business that's big enough, but most iv them wa-ants to be day-ticvies. Any way ye put it, they can do better than th' fellies that's doin' th' wor-rk now. But 't is a shtrange thing to me that th' min that's makin' na-ames fr thim-selves at th' top is aliver th' wans that eta-arted in up there. Did ye iver think iv that?"

"No-o, I can't say that I did," replied the youth.

"Iv coorse not," said Policeman Flynn, "an' ye w'u'd n't think th' r-rile was fr ye if ye did. 'T is not necessary in ye-er ca-ase. Ye're too sma-art. Well, mebbe so. We'll thry it on. Ivery la-ad that wants to be a day-ticve has to be ixamined, an' I'll put a few quistions to ye. Sup-pose ye was in cha-arge iv th' day-ticve wor-rk an' a big burglary was committed, what w'u'd ye do?"

"I'd look for a clue," answered Horatio, promptly and confidently.

"I can see ye doin' 't," asserted Policeman Flynn with a chuckle. "I can see ye goin' through th' pla-ace, an' lookin' wise, an' gettin' down on ye-er knees fr to ixamine a bit iv mud through a magnifyin'-glass, an' thim goin' out an' measurin' th' thracks in th' mud with a fut-rule. I can hear ye saying, 'This gr-reat crime was committed by a ma-an with a large fut an' a nall shickin' out iv wans shoe. 'T is only necessary now fr to find th' shoe an' arrist th' ma-an.' Oho! ye'd ma-ake a gr-reat day-ticve, fr sure."

"Is not that what you'd do?" asked Horatio.

"I'm not ta-alkin' iv what 'd do," returned Policeman Flynn. "I'm

ta-alkin' iv what th' gr-reat day-ticve does. If ye was a r-real day-ticve an' had this wor-rk fr to do, ye'd go to th' pla-ace an' luk wise, an' thim ye'd go back an' order th' dhrag-net put out. Ivery ma-an that c'u'd ha-ave done it an' lots that c'u'd n't w'u'd be brought in an'—"

"Arrested?" interrupted Horatio. "Fr sure," replied Policeman Flynn. "But what right would you have to arrest people against whom you had no evidence?"

"Who's ta-alkin' iv rights?" retorted Policeman Flynn. "I'm ta-alkin' iv th' wa-ays iv po-lis day-ticvies, an' I don't want ye fr to be botherin' me with ye-er fool quistions. Ye'd ha-ave thim all brought in, an' ye'd ixamine thim an' ma-ake thim prove they was n't th' wans, an' sifst it down till ye'd got it bechune a few iv thim. Thim mebbe ye'd la-and ye-er ma-an through some wans tellin' on him so's to keep r-right with ye, or mebbe some felly on th' outside w'u'd tip it off to ye so's ye'd give him a little more shwing. Oho! they's lots iv wa-ays iv gettin' at th' fac's without tra-acin' a cr-rime up. That used to be th' ol' way, but 't is out iv date. 'First find out who did it an' thim arrist him. 'T is th' ol' rule, but now 't is, 'First arrist ye-er ma-an, an' thim find if he's th' wans, or if he knows the wans ye wa-ant.' Iv coorse they's ex-cptions, but this is th' reg-lar wa-ay."

"And what would be the next thing for me to do?" asked the youth, somewhat distressed by having his ideals thus ruthlessly shattered.

"Ye sh'u'd throw out ye-er chist, puff on a big see-gar, an' say, 'T was a ha-ard job, but I done it.'"

"Is that all?" asked Horatio.

"Oho! is that all?" repeated Policeman Flynn. "If ye c'u'd see th' time some iv th' day-ticvies puts in doin' it, ye'd sa-ay 't is enough."

"Still, a man may do work in his

own way, I suppose," suggested Horatio, after a moment of thought.

"Fr sure," answered Policeman Flynn, "but 't is a ha-ard wa-ay."

"An' if he does a really good piece of work he gets his reward?"

"R-right ye are."

"What is it usually?"

"M-m-m, well," returned Policeman Flynn, thoughtfully, "that all day-plins. Sometimes 't is wan thing, an' sometimes 't is another. Sometimes 't is promotion, an' sometimes 't is not. D' ye ray-mimber th' time I wint down th' chute an' arristed a gang in th' cellar?"

"Yes, indeed. Did you get a reward for that?"

"I did."

"What was it?"

"I was docked th' price iv th' coat I rooned goin' down th' chute."

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"Yes, indeed. Did you get a reward for that?"

WONDERS OF COLORADO.

The World Should Be Informed of Its Marvelous Resources.

In New York, where he spent three weeks recently, Simon Guggenheim of the American Smelting and Refining Company, found eastern investors eagerly looking for places of sound investment, and when he returned to Colorado he realized more fully than ever that there is no other state or territory which offers such inducements as his home state. Yesterday he furnished reasons for the faith that is in him and gave a wonderfully interesting survey of the giant strides taken by the state in recent years, and told of what is in store in the next year or two. Mr. Guggenheim is a trained business man of sound judgment and his statements carry force and conviction. In all departments and branches of industry, in sugar beet and fruit culture, in agriculture generally, in mining, the state has gone ahead and it has yet a good way to go to reach the zenith. The world should be made aware of what Colorado has to offer.

"I was never so much impressed by the greatness of Colorado as on my recent visit to New York," said Mr. Guggenheim. "During the three weeks I was away I read several interviews in the Denver papers regarding a semi-centennial celebration for this city. I am heartily in favor of it. I believe we should show the world what Colorado has to offer. Our great need is people who will come here with money to invest or who are ambitious to become citizens of the state. The great need of the people of the East is opportunity for investment and employment. It is certain that people who are looking for new locations or investments will pass us by unless we reveal to them the world-astonishing possibilities of this state."

"When I say we can astonish the world I mean it. I talked with a building contractor in New York who was employing men excavating a basement for \$1.25 a day. When I told him the beet growers of Colorado would pay \$3.00 a day for those men, and board them, he was astonished. It reminded me of the days when Colorado people doubted the men who said the sugar industry in this state had a great future."

"I recall visiting the first sugar factory at Grand Junction six years ago when it was standing idle, and hearing people say the industry would never be profitable here. Now our factories have a capacity of 10,000 tons of sugar every twenty-four hours, and beets are piled in the fields because the tillers of the soil have outstripped the headlong pace at which capital has been preparing to care for what they raise. It would take eastern people many years to accomplish what we have done in half a dozen years."

"I wish we could exhibit to the world the marvelous strides in the development of our agricultural lands. Coming into Denver the other day over the Burlington I saw scores of prosperous farmhouses between here and Otis, 125 miles east, which were built in the past year. The 'short-grass' country in Washington and Yuma counties is coming into its own. All the way to Chicago I saw evidence that the Colorado land agent was at work. I can remember the time when you couldn't find a man selling Colorado land. If you were to tell the wonderful advance of the prices of agricultural lands of Colorado to eastern people they would not believe you. They need such an object lesson as an exposition would provide. When I told New Yorkers that in the past five years the area of irrigated land in northern Colorado had increased fifteen per cent., while the aggregate value had actually doubled, they thought we were having a 'boom.' I told them our San Luis valley irrigated acreage had increased twenty per cent., and that over on the western slope and down in the Arkansas valley the irrigated acreage had doubled and the value increased twenty-five per cent., assuring them there was no land boom nor any effort to make one."

"You know in the East farm lands are actually depreciating. If they only realized what we have here, the scenes at the opening of a government reservation would be duplicated. Five years ago what is now called 'dry farming' land, was being sold for taxes. This was in the 'short grass' region of eastern Colorado and in the section far north of Greeley. Now this land sells for \$10 and \$15 an acre. "The Union Pacific railroad had for years great difficulty in selling land for \$5 an acre. In Kit Carson county some friends of mine recently paid \$10 an acre for land that the railroad wanted to sell five years ago at any price. Two years ago ranches out in Adams county were going begging at \$1.50 an acre; 20,000 acres have recently been sold there for \$7.50 an acre."

"The Bijou ranch, in Elbert county, 30,000 acres, has recently been sold, the poorest of it bringing \$7.50 and the best \$10 an acre. Three years ago \$4 an acre was the highest offer they could get. In Montrose county, as a result of the government tunnel, land which absolutely had no value a few years ago is selling at an average price of \$40 an acre. Over in Routt county four big ditches carrying 1,500 cubic feet of water a second in the aggregate will water 75,000 acres. The largest of these ditches, when empty, can be used for a road where heavy wagons can easily pass. Five years ago Routt county was practically cut off from the world. Can any man now living set a limit on the possibilities of Colorado agriculture or say where this steady growth will end? The land in Larimer and Weld counties, once so cheap and now hardly to be had at any price, is an example that astonishes all who hear of that agricultural marvel."

ALCOHOL NOT INSPIRING.

Such is the Verdict of Leading German Literary Men.

Does alcohol inspire poets and others? According to the great ones of living literature in Germany, it does not. According to biographers, in the case of many men, notably Edgar Allen Poe and Addison, the English essayist, it does.

This interesting question has been brought to the front by Dr. van Vleuten, editor of Das Literarische Echo. This is a new periodical. The editor sought some means of advertising it, of attracting marked attention from the literary world, to whom it appeals. And so he sprung his questions on alcohol. The hundred and fifty leading authors and poets of Germany were appealed to. Of these 115 answered. Rhapsodies in prose and poetry were among the answers, which have attracted great attention, not alone from those interested in literature, but from the medical world and scientists as well.

The result of the thorough poll of experts, is that inspiration by alcohol is not worth the having, if indeed there is such an inspiration. And yet the Fatherland's poets sing more eloquently of beer and wine and the cup that cheers and inebriates, than the poets of, perhaps, any other country.

Of the writers appealed to, four are total abstainers, twenty-three moderate drinkers, 108 avoid alcohol before and during work, and only twelve are advocates of alcohol. But a majority of these twelve are eloquent only in the praise of wine taken at table.

World's Letter Writers.

Many Americans are doubtless under the impression that this land of free public schools and other great educational advantages exceeds all others in the use it makes of the postoffice, says Leslie's Weekly. But, according to statistics recently submitted by the Universal Postal Union, Great Britain ranks ahead of us in head. The report furnishes other surprises. France and Norway, for instance, each with a good school system and a highly intelligent people, stand lower on the list than Austria and Argentina. New Zealand comes next to us with 663 per head, and after that Switzerland with 59.70. The land of the Alps stands first in the number of postoffices in proportion to the population, the ratio here being one office to every 896 people. Germany has one for every 1,460. Great Britain one for every 1,859. Denmark one for every 2,586. Italy one for every 3,791. Holland for every 3,981. Belgium for every 3,981, and France for every 4,751. Great Britain derives the greatest profits from her postal system, netting annually about \$23,438,627, the second country being Russia with \$20,595,503 profits. Russia is not considered a letter-writing country, and its printed matter is restrained, and yet upon its peculiar system it derives good profits.

Greater Berlin.

Minister of the Interior Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg recently asked Burgo-master Kirschner for his views of the proposed plan for the incorporation of the suburbs of Berlin into the city proper. In response, Herr Kirschner has now submitted to the minister a memorandum pointing out the necessity for previously providing for the reorganization of the suburban municipalities. If the plan is carried out Berlin will have 3,000,000 inhabitants.

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